

Whispering Silence

by Rhi Marzano

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Summary: Short and sappy Rachel/Tobias fic

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Whispering Silence A beautiful spring day greeted me from outside the pane of glass. Skipping along the sky of a swirling mixture of fluffy white and creamy azure, the sunlight was sparkling and inspiring. In the courtyard below, hyacinths were blooming of every variety, and little kindergarteners were on a very important field trip to the high school play. Robins with gorgeous russet bellies fluttered by, but they were not the birds I wanted to see.

I drummed my nails against the edge of the desk, keeping my eyes on the window. How much longer? I thought desperately. I'm going to go insane waiting.

"-and you know why teenagers are in trouble these days? Because they don't look both ways when they cross the street!" The teacher then proceeded to slam on his vocal cords, producing a bellow of, "IDIOTS!"

Sure, that's the problem, I thought sarcastically. Lack of simple safety precautions are the cause of world chaos. If only he really knew.

"-and that was how the great depression began...."

I sighed, searching the skies. Where is he? It's nearly three o'clock. What if something happened?

"Rachel!" the teacher said sharply. "Are you paying attention?"

"Yes, sir," I replied automatically.

"Will you input your opinion on the subject matter?" he

demanded.

Crap. Guessing time. "Well, according to the information you've given us, sir, it's not only teenagers' irresponsibility that caused most of the major disasters in the past 85 years, but also that we're the reason why NASA can't land on Mars."

"Absolutely perfect!" cried the man delightedly. "Now, back when I planted the first garden on the moon.."

What if he got into trouble? I chewed on my lip nervously. Scenarios whipped through my mind. In an animal trap. Shot by a hunter. Caught and infested.

And then, out of the corner of my eye, I glimpsed those tailfeathers and breathed a sigh of relief.

< Can you fly tonight? > whispered his voice in my mind.

I nodded, smiling.

< I'll meet you at the beach at five. >

He's all right, I assured myself, basking in the glory of that fact.

~^_~^~

It was a little nippy outside with the wind, but I was certain it wouldn't bother me once I started flying. I stretched out my arms, shed my outer clothing, and shaded my eyes from the sun.

"Why afraid, Rachel?" I asked myself, digging my bare feet in the sand. "Rachel, fearless, brave. And yet you tremble at the thought of a single of his feathers harmed."

What was wrong with me? Had my strength dissipated?

Answer: No. I could still rip apart a Hork Bajir at the drop of a hat.

You had it coming, Rachel, nagged the voice in the back of my mind.

Yeah.

I couldn't just say, "Tobias, my friend" or "Tobias, the guy I sort of like."

It was something more now.

< Rachel? Do you want to fly or not? >

"Yeah, hold on," I said softly.

I concentrated and felt the DNA of the bald eagle surge up within me. Bit by bit, my own body merged into that of the other.

< I have something to show you, > he told me after I was up in the air.

< Oh? > I replied cautiously.

Don't make too much of it, Rachel.

< Follow me, > he directed, and dived.

Blue, all around me, enveloping me as I split through the air, zigzagging as I tried to copy his smooth, controlled motions of flight.

Twist, turn, spin until we reached a small cavern.

~^_~^

"It's almost sunset," I remarked as I demorphed.

Tobias emerged in his human morph. "Good," he said, satisfied. "That's what I wanted you to see."

Silence fell between us.

A sunset?

He wanted me to share a sunset with him?

I sat down next to him on the cool ground, shivered, and brought my knees up to my chest.

His eyes are always far away somewhere, distant and dreaming. Except now- now they were focused on me.

Me. Not Rachel the prep. Not Rachel the warrior. The real me.

Sometimes I think he's the only one who knows who the real me is.

"Look," he whispered, guiding my face to the sky.

The sun streaked the sky with oranges, yellows, reds, and warmth. The water reached up to grasp whatever of the color it could. An incredible feeling of peace awakened within me. For one shining moment, everything felt perfect.

"It's beautiful," I breathed.

"Yeah," he agreed.

I leaned my head over on his shoulder. _Should I tell him?_

And as he hesitantly wrapped an arm around me, I realized the silence had spoken for me.

He knew.

End
file.